

Good Morning 24

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

WHO

An air picture of New York City—monument to a new world of ideas and progress.

ARE THE AMERICANS?

ON the measure in which we are able to see the other man's point of view depends to a large extent both the resolution of personal discords and the solution of social problems. The adjustment of international relations and the building of a peaceful world after this war will be helped enormously if we and other nations set out, intentionally, to find out as much as we can of each other's point of view.

Ignorance of the history of other nations has been a contributory cause to the present conflagration. All nations are guilty in much the same measure. And we, with our thoughtless division of the world into Wops, Dagoes, niggers, and so on, are not the least guilty. History books are, of course, amongst the chief offenders, although in recent years very considerable progress has been made in presenting a more accurate and less nationally biased view of the past.

We are, probably, beginning to revise our opinions of most of the members of the United Nations. Past generalisations are found to be quite inaccurate. But a conscious and planned effort at understanding must be attempted by all of us who can find the time. In achieving some degree of understanding it is improbable that we shall reach a complete agreement with the outlook or the aims of other nations. Neither will they of ours. The only thing that is essential is that, where agreement is not to be achieved, we should agree to differ.

In this effort at understanding we can well begin with the United States of America. And here we shall do well to realise that community of literature and language is offset by countless other factors.

There has recently been published in a cheap edition, "Who are the Americans?" by William Dwight Whitney (a Guild book, price 9d.), and a more admirable guide for beginners it would be difficult to recommend. It can be read in an hour or two, and presents a comprehensive view of the U.S.A., past and present. In addition, it makes comparatively easy reading.

Let us run through the book and take a few passages more or less at random, in the hope that they may excite the beginnings of a sympathy that may mean much in the after-war settlements.

No Sense of Empire

"Say the word 'America' to an American, and he sees neither a little island home on the one hand, nor a far-flung Empire on the other. His little home, corresponding for him to England for the Englishman, is a home in which one can ride for days over flat, sun-baked prairies, or through endless Saharan deserts, may climb great peaks that rise to four and five times Snowdon's height, may float on rivers that would magnify twenty Severns, and yet always be in one's own land, on one's own soil, within reach by one's own motor or overnight on a land-locked railway. And an American has no sense of Empire at all. Thus, when the American thinks of his country—his outlook is at once much larger and much

Continued from previous column.

than a life-time to get really acquainted with half of them.

I have seen and hunted seals up there. I have seen and hunted shark among the western islands, and as far out as St. Kilda. I have seen and hunted whales, too, up there. But over and over again it has needed a local fisher to give a name—and often a Gaelic one—to places that have popped up out of the ocean.

And to add to these thousands of islands you can add the many that cling to the north coast of Ireland—but you'll never count them all. Life is too short.

smaller than that of the Briton. It is one frame of mind, not two. He feels no overseas responsibilities. He sees a compact country; and he is concerned only with what affects that one country—or rather, that one Continent."

Continental Thinking

"This Continental mode of thinking explains the American attitude towards such problems as those of India and Ireland. The average American instinctively thinks of each geographical block of the earth's surface as constituting one normal unit. . . .

"Indeed, there has been a widespread idea in the United States that there was no valid reason why Europe itself should not be welded into one national block."

"One of the proudest boasts of American citizenship is that it is a 'melting-pot' of all Europe. This pride tends to a conscious and over-emphasised rejection of any suggestion that it is an 'English' country."

American "Society"

"Society, in the narrow sense of the term, is recruited almost entirely from the ranks of the rich. Successful industrialists



LIBERTY!

and their coadjutors—the bankers, the great lawyers—set the tone and standards of society, occupy the beautiful golf and beach clubs which are so dominant in the gregarious American summer scene, provide the fashionable universities—Yale, Harvard, Princeton—with most of their students, and generally inspire either the envy or the admiration of their countrymen, to the exclusion of soldiers, statesmen and other public servants."

(To be continued)

How many British Isles?

By STUART MARTIN

IN the House of Commons the other day, an M.P. was declaring about "the British Isles." Later in the Lobby I asked him how many British Isles he thought there were. He said, "England and Scotland are one. Ireland is another, and there is the Isle of Man."

When I said there were thousands of British Isles, he declared that some people were daft.

But it is true, all the same. I challenge the whole Admiralty staff, the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Post Master General, the Lord High Archbishops of the Secret Services, the Counsel of the Royal Geographical Society and the Chancellors of every university in Britain (and anywhere else) to answer offhand as to the exact number.

Farsands and Farsands

There are thousands, but nobody has ever counted them all. Nobody ever will—probably. I knew a man who got to 4,000, and then he stopped, and his people thought he should go into a madhouse. He had islands on the brain.

Let me prove it for the sake of the Submarine Service and generally in the service of truth.

We can eliminate mere masses of rock that show at low tide. We can eliminate tiny dots of sand and sandbanks. Begin with the biggest—the historic Holy Isle which has a church and a village off the Northumbrian coast.

Keep to the East coast for a moment. Ten miles or so lower down than the Holy Isle be the Farne archipelago; and 20 miles lower still is Coquet. It has a lighthouse, and is about a mile from the mainland.

Off the Lincoln coast is a chain of half-a-dozen long, narrow islets near Donna Nook. Then you come to Bird Island, and so down to Wight.

After that there is a gap till we reach Cornwall, and there we are in amongst a crowd. Cornwall has more islands than any other British county.

The Scilly Gales

Think of the Scillies—where the gales rise quickly—which comprise St. Mary's, Tresco, Bryer, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, and add to them numbers of off-shore rocks with wonderful names—Asparagus, Mullion, several Gull islands, Armed Knight, Irish Lady, Cowloe, Carricks, Godrevy, Crane, Samphire, Man and His Man, the Chick, the Moulds, Diggory's, and many others.

Now head north, and there is Lundy—three and a half miles long—off Bideford Bay. The Bristol Channel contains three islands—Steephole, one of the few places in Britain where wild peonies grow, and Flatholm and Stert.

Wales has many islands that don't even appear on the map. Some are a good distance from the mainland, but most are comparatively near. The coast of Wales has some little paradises near it—if only hermits knew about them. Fact is that some people who long for islands in the South Seas would be as happy on some of the Welsh islands as in the Pacific. The weather is good, generally, the conditions are such that perfect accommodation can be had.

Few people have ever visited these isles except a few fishermen, and they don't stay. There are two main groups. Off Milford Haven there are Skomen, Midland, Skokholm and Grassholm.

Then there is the archipelago of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, with The Bishop and Clerks, Ramsey, Maen Rhoson, Moelyn, Ynys Cantwyr, Ynys Eilun, and so on. But many of these are cold places, with a good deal of rain in the offing.

Three miles south of Tenby there is Caldy, and not far off are the Skerries, off Carmel Head; the St. Tudwalls, off Carnarvonshire; Puffin Island; and farther up, Hilbre Island.

Scotland's Contribution

It is when you reach the Scottish coast that you get dizzy counting the islands. You meet the big island of Arran in the Firth of Clyde, and if you go on keeping north, you come to the Hebrides, with hundreds of islands between Oban and Stornoway.

It would take you years to visit them all. It would take you more (Continued at foot of next column)



WHO THE H—! CARES, ANYWAY?

An impression of your old friend "Goggles," by Clossop. —Fleet Street Artist.



Just a Thought

You smile
and life is bright and gay,
Because, the while
I see a truant ray
of sunlight dancing in your eyes.
And thoughts of love
(to which you'd ne'er give tongue)
are thus revealed.
Please smile,
The whole day long.

A.M.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is a tipstaff?
2. Where is the Blarney Stone?
3. What is an Afrikaner?
4. Who wrote "Little Women"?
5. What is a Blue Stocking?
6. Who was the composer of "La Boheme"?
7. From what opera is "On with the Motley" taken?
8. What is "Valhalla"?
9. Who founded the Church Army?
10. What is Wisden?
11. Who wrote "In Memoriam"?
12. What is a coleopterist?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Aspen.
2. Somerset, Lancaster, York, Chester, Richmond, Windsor.
3. Dr. Arne.
4. George Gershwin.
5. Florida.
6. A woman of loose morals.
7. George Bernard Shaw.
8. Acacia.
9. Eric Maria Remarque.
10. John Masefield.
11. Belfast.
12. Louth.

Solution to Yesterday's Square Word Puzzle

UNCLAD
NARINE
CROATS
LIABLE
ANTLER
DESERT

DOUBLE ACROSTICS

1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					

The first vertical row and the last vertical row, reading downward, will spell out well-known maxims on the same theme if you fill in the squares with words that mean:—

- (1) Hurt.
- (2) Flat surface.
- (3) Fabric.
- (4) Tempo.
- (5) Every.
- (6) Mineral silicates.
- (7) Our enemies.
- (8) What you tie.
- (9) Comfort.
- (10) From soap.
- (11) Fleece.
- (12) Voice range.
- (13) Boil slowly.
- (14) Relate.
- (15) Not difficult.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

terrible creatures which swarm in these seas and make them very dangerous.



HERE begins the second part of this voyage under the sea. The first ended with the painful scene at the coral cemetery, which has left a profound impression on my mind. Thus, then, in the bosom of the immense ocean Captain Nemo's entire life was passed, and he had even prepared his grave in the most impenetrable of its depths. There not one of the ocean monsters would trouble the last slumber of the inhabitants of the *Nautilus*—of these men, riveted to each other in death as in life! "Nor man either!" Captain Nemo had added. There was always in him the same implacable and ferocious defiance towards all human society.

We were ploughing through the waves of the Indian Ocean, a vast liquid plain of 1,200,000,000 acres' extent, the waters of which are so transparent that they make any one looking into their depths quite giddy. The *Nautilus* generally floated in a depth of between

At such times Ned Land was no longer master of himself. He was impatient to go to the surface of the water and harpoon these monsters, especially some that had their jaws studded with teeth like a mosaic; and large tiger-sharks, about six yards long, which provoked him particularly. But soon the *Nautilus* increased her speed, and quickly left behind the most rapid of these monsters.

About 7 p.m. the *Nautilus*, half immersed, was sailing in the midst of a sea of milk.

one another for the space of several leagues."

"Several leagues?" cried Conseil.

"Yes, my boy, and do not try to compute the number of these infusoria. You would not succeed, for, if I am not mistaken, certain navigators have floated on these seas of milk for more than forty miles."

Towards midnight the sea suddenly resumed its ordinary colour, but behind us, as far as the limits of the horizon, the sky, reflecting the whiteness of the waves, for a long time seemed impregnated with the uncertain light of the aurora borealis.

When the *Nautilus* returned to the surface of the sea, we could see land about eight miles to westward. The first thing I saw was a group of mountains about 2,000 feet high, the forms of which were very peculiar. I found when the bearings had been taken that we were near the Island of Ceylon, that pearl which hangs from the ear of the Indian peninsula.

I went to look in the library for a book giving an account of this island, one of the most fertile on the globe. At this moment Captain Nemo and the mate appeared. The captain glanced at the map, then turned towards me.

"The island of Ceylon," said he, "is very celebrated for its pearl fisheries. Would you like to see one of them, M. Aronnax?"

"I should indeed, captain."

"Well, that will be easy enough. Only if we see the fisheries we shall not see the fishermen. The annual working of the pearl fisheries has not yet begun. But that does not matter. I will give orders to make for the Gulf of Manaar, where we shall arrive during the night."



The captain said a few words to his first officer, who went out immediately. The *Nautilus* soon returned to her liquid element, and the manometer indicated that we were at a depth of thirty feet.

"Professor," then said Captain Nemo. "We shall arrive a little too soon, no doubt. The divers do not assemble till March in the Gulf of Manaar, and there for thirty days they give themselves up to this lucrative employment. There are about three hundred boats, and each boat has ten rowers and ten divers. These divers, divided into two groups, plunge into the sea alternately, diving to a depth of about thirteen yards by means of a heavy stone, which they hold between their feet, and a cord fastened to the boat."

"But at least these divers are sufficiently remunerated?" I asked.

"Scarcely," professor. At Panama they only earn one dollar a week. And they often only earn one sol for each oyster that contains a pearl, and how

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



a hundred and two hundred fathoms. We went on thus for several days.

Soon Keeling Island disappeared from the horizon, and we directed our course to the north-west, towards the Indian peninsula.

"Civilised land," said Ned Land to me that day. "That is better than the islands of Papua, where you meet with more savages than venison! On that Indian ground, professor, there are roads, railways, English, French, or Hindoo towns. One would not go five miles without meeting with a countryman. Well, is it not the moment to take French leave of Captain Nemo?"

"No, Ned, no," I answered in a very determined tone. "Let us see what comes of it. The *Nautilus* is getting nearer the inhabited continents. It is going back towards Europe; let it take us there. Once in our own seas, we shall see what prudence advises us to attempt. Besides, I do not suppose that Captain Nemo would allow us to go and shoot on the coasts of Malabar or Coromandel. Like he did in the forests of New Guinea."

The next day, the 25th of January, we cut the equator at the eighty-second meridian and entered into the northern hemisphere.

During this day a formidable shoal of sharks accompanied us—

JANE



TORNADO

MOST of the world's tornadoes occur in U.S., the annual average being about 100, and about 300 people are killed each average year.

The most destructive tornado in U.S. history was that which swept over a long path in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana in March, 1925, in which 695 were killed, 2,027 injured, and 16,500,000 dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

A few years ago a gigantic cylindrical-shaped waterspout, 90ft. in circumference and rising to a height of 5,000 feet, was seen some ten miles off the Italian coast, in the Gulf of Genoa. It was accompanied by a dense cloud of black smoke. The phenomenon was believed to be related to previous earthquake shocks, which experts attributed to the under-sea collapse of strata in the eastern section of the Gulf of Genoa.

This unique photograph, obtained from a ship in the Gulf of Genoa, shows a giant waterspout reaching to an enormous height.

many they bring up that contain none!"

"One sol only to the poor fellows who enrich their masters! It is odious!"

"Thus, then, professor," added the captain, "you and your companions shall see the oyster-bank of Manaar, and if by chance some early diver should be found there, we shall see him at work."

"Agreed, captain."

"But, M. Aronnax, you are not afraid of sharks?"

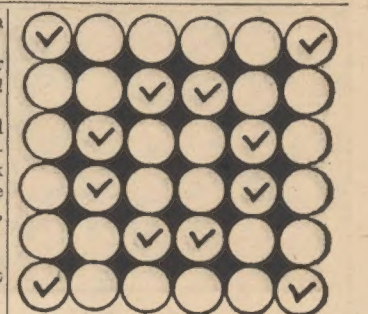
"Sharks?" cried I.

This question appeared to me at least a very idle one.

"Well?" continued Captain Nemo.

"I confess, captain, that I am not yet quite at home with that kind of fish."

"We are used to them," answered Captain Nemo, "and in time you will be so also. However, we shall be armed, and on



Double-Check

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle

the road we may have a shark-hunt. So good-bye till to-morrow, sir, and early in the morning." This said in a careless tone, Captain Nemo left the saloon.

Continued in No. 25

They Say—What do you Say?

After the war we may have to aim at a target figure of between three and four million new houses. . . . It is vital that local authorities should begin at once to place themselves in the position that, the moment conditions permit, they can get into their swing right away. —Mr. Ernest Brown (Minister of Health).

In any scientific organisation of transport it will be recognised that the road and rail are not competitive, but complementary the one to the other, and a frank recognition of this is a necessary preliminary to building up an economic and ideal system of transport. —Sir Thomas Royden (Chairman, L.M.S. Railway).

The preparations made for the well-being of the returning members of the Forces will be the test of the measure of gratitude for their services. All, without exception, are resolved to ensure as far as is humanly possible that their sufferings in the war shall not be followed by hardships due to unconcern or neglect.—Lord Snell.

Women have always fostered the belief that at the bottom of all high endeavour by a man lies the inspiration of a woman . . . the influence of women has been to bank down their generous fires of youthful idealism and make the man play for safety. —Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Beelzebub Jones



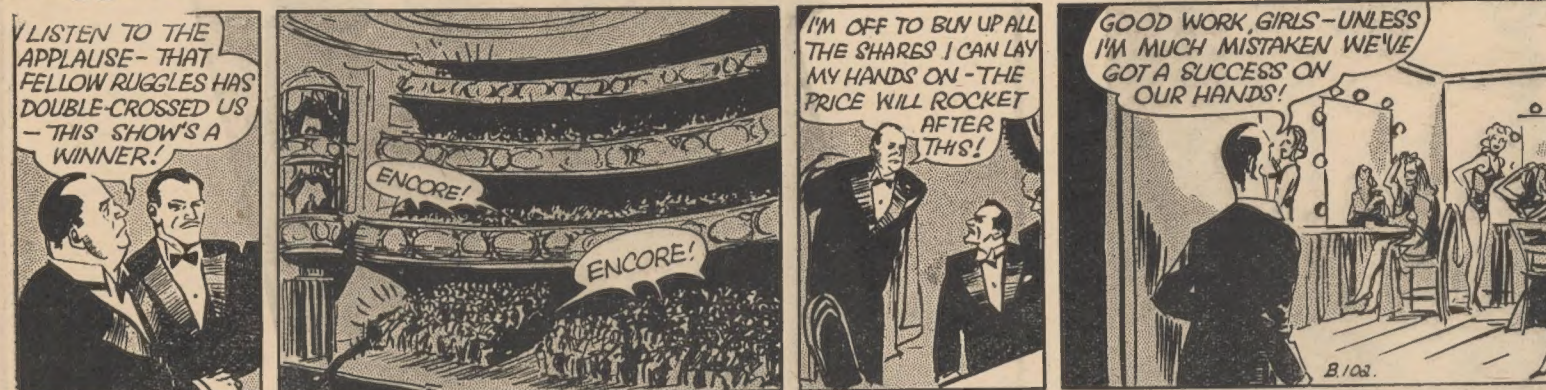
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



I get around

THE setting is my favourite tavern. Someone had got on to a discussion about feeling alone and of the particular moments or circumstances. One of the party, who travelled abroad quite a bit before the war, claimed that he felt most acutely alone at the moment of disembarkation, on the crowded quayside of a strange country—especially after a sociable crossing of an ocean.

Another said he only had the chill feeling once, and that was one misty dawn in France, in a forward Observation Post, with an enemy barrage passing overhead prior to an expected infantry attack—and he had sent his only companion (a corporal) back to find a break in the telephone wire.

Almost every air pilot will tell you that the loneliest moment in life is the first time the instructor climbs out and says, "O.K.—she's all

yours. Take her up and round—and bring her down in one piece."

ONLY personal experience which might warrant comparison was during my first solo flight. I broke through to the top-side of a cloud layer. The world was gone—the front cockpit was empty—and there seemed nothing between me and Heaven. Then I remem-

bered my sins, and a date I had on earth—so I shot down through the cloud again and got rid of the feeling at the airfield club.

No doubt you will beat these with ease. I would be interested to hear about them.

MAIN topic in the wine importers' meeting places today is the future of thousands of gallons of Algerian wine awaiting consumption.

Algeria, who produces far more wine than she needs internally, before the war was the main source of supply to

RESIGNATION By PO CHU-I (A.D. 840)

Keep off your thoughts from things that are past and done,
For thinking of the past wakes regret and pain.
Keep off your thoughts from thinking what will happen;
To think of the future fills one with dismay.

Better sit by day like a sack in your chair.
Better by night to lie like a stone in your bed.
When food comes, then open your mouth.
When sleep comes, then close your eyes.

By
RONALD RICHARDS

Britain: Now, however, importation is banned, except for a comparatively small quantity for the use of Fighting French Forces here.

A dealer told me, "A strong protest is going to be made in the near future." He would neither disclose to, nor by whom, the protest was to be made.

The Fuehrer, perhaps?

THOUGH quite enthralled with David Masters' epic of the Submarine Branch, "Up Periscope," I smiled once or twice at what struck me as being rather amusing slips of the pen.

Probably the most amusing was his remark about a cook aboard a certain submarine, who, he says, when told to boil eggs for three minutes, multiplied the number of the crew by three, and, as a result, the eggs, after boiling for something like two hours, were sold.

Previously he had pointed out that submariners were specially selected personnel, the necessary qualifications being, first, courage, and secondly, intelligence.

No doubt the cook was a very courageous man!

NELSON'S COLUMN

INSIDE information of an unusual kind has reached George Allison, ever-genial manager of Arsenal Football Club.

In his postbag was a letter recommending to him a player who, in the writer's opinion, was worthy of a trial with Arsenal.

Nothing very unusual in that? No. But—the letter came from a convict in Parkhurst Prison—and the lad recommended was a fellow prisoner!

ALLISON tells us he has had some strange tips in his time, but none from quite so much on the inside as this.

This is what the convict wrote: "Dear Sir, I have discovered among my colleagues a young left-half who, if conditions were different, should give every promise of measuring up to Arsenal's standard."

He proceeds to give full details of the player's career (on the field and off), and finishes with the hope that when the time comes (meaning, of course, when the time ends), Arsenal will give the fellow a chance.

The player's name has been duly noted (with all relevant details) in the Arsenal's archives, and the inside scout has been sent a few smokes—with Allison's compliments.

WATCHING Wilf Birkett, young amateur goalkeeper, make a brilliant first appearance for Everton, the crowd little realised that he had walked straight out of hospital. But he had!

A year ago, playing for Haydock, his amateur club, Birkett was badly hurt.

"He'll never play again," was the gloomy prediction of the first doctor who examined him.

"He may get better, but he must not kick a football for two seasons," said the bone specialist, more optimistically.

Well, Wilf went into hospital, made a first-class recovery, and was invited to play for Everton.

But before he went off to the match, he went first to the hospital.

To tell the sisters and nurses that he was playing again and to thank them and the doctors for all they had done to make his appearance possible.

NEVILLE COMPTON, captain of Wasps Rugby Club, missed his first match in 16 seasons—following a motor smash.

But he was on the touchline, and did his club good service by pointing out to the referee that the Wasps' opponents, through an oversight—

Had 16 men on the field!

FOR twelve years Mr. Charles Millar kept Lord's cricket ground free from weeds.

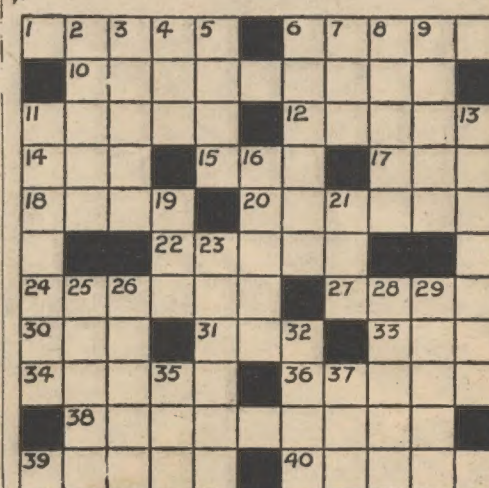
He undertook the task on his own initiative, and Sir Francis Lacey, then secretary of the M.C.C., signed a deed of appointment making him "Hon. weed-killer to G.H.Q. cricket."

Now Mr. Millar is dead. But he has won his war on the plantains and dandelions.

In those twelve years he accounted for nearly a million of them.

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 With a twang.
- 6 Legale.
- 10 Watchfulness.
- 11 Fords on foot.
- 12 Girl's name.
- 14 Afflict.
- 15 Hole in ground.
- 17 Bird.
- 18 Take to flight.
- 20 Late.
- 22 Local plants.
- 24 Harken.
- 27 Attached flaps.
- 30 Bird.
- 31 Animal.
- 33 Procure.
- 34 Preserves in brine.
- 36 Dens.
- 38 Joyfully.
- 39 Braced.
- 40 Dances.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BEAN LAUGHS
ERRATIC RIP
SUMPTUOUS
ODE Y DIP N
MIDGET NEWT
I RAISE H
VETO NURSES
E RUT E PEW
SHAPES HIDE
TOM RADICLE
APPEND DEED

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Benefit.
- 3 Walk obliquely.
- 4 Grow old.
- 5 Mispronounce sibilants.
- 6 Waver.
- 7 Girl's name.
- 8 Keen.
- 9 Finch.
- 11 Batter cakes.
- 13 Certifies.
- 16 Golf clubs.
- 19 Newt.
- 21 Common animal.
- 23 Let.
- 25 Counterpart.
- 26 Tarnish.
- 28 Nimble.
- 29 Precious stone.
- 32 Run into one.
- 35 Golfer's start.
- 37 Drink.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



"And do you know, I can hardly believe my own eyes at times." We can't blame you lady, that chap's positively crooked.



Sunshine and shadow in Snow Hill, London. The tenants of those flats certainly live on the sunny side of the street, but there's not an over-amount of room for kiddies to romp around. They find what bit there is, and like the London sparrows, are chirpy and full of life. It's HOME to them, and you know what that means.



Who said "Small Fry"? We did, but we didn't mean you, sir. We think you're a whale of a good feller, even though you do turn your back on the customers. May we ask you one question: Are you the guy who sits on these sardines to get 'em in shape for packing?

Now we think you're a real lady, every inch of you, and you give the customers good weight for their money. Anyway you know how to hold the crowd, and wouldn't you give 'em a laugh if that was a bow an' arrer. Ping, right into the stern of that "trawler."



This England...

She's just clowning!



Ginger Rogers puts pep into it again. If that isn't happiness personified we'll eat Pompey, the biggest dog in Wigan. If we had her skill and umph we would be too light-headed to have even one toe on the ground. This dance was called the "Yama Yama Man." Gosh, we'd like to meet the whole tribe.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bet she couldn't do this one!"

